

ANOTHER ZEPPELIN RAID ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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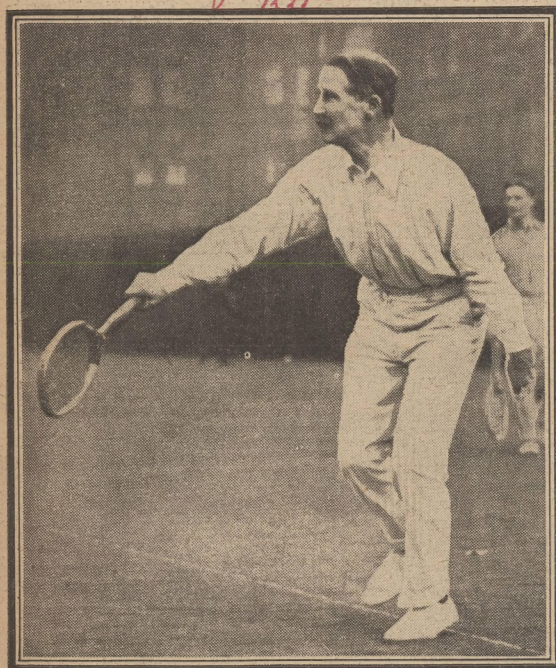
One Halfpenny.

RUMANIANS SEE HUN VANDALISM AT FIRST HAND.



It is significant that Rumania should have sent a mission to France during the week the Allies were holding their conference. Here the members are seen viewing the damage at Rheims Cathedral.

RELAXATION FROM THE HOUSE.



There was a sudden change to spring-like weather on Saturday. Mr. Bonar Law donned flannels, and was among those who enjoyed a game of lawn tennis at Queen's Club.

A KINGLY GIFT: £100,000 FROM HIS MAJESTY TO THE NATION.



The heart of the whole nation has been touched by the thoughtfulness and kingly generosity of its Sovereign. His Majesty, it was announced yesterday, has placed £100,000 at the disposal of the Treasury, and he has expressed a wish that it should "be applied in whatever manner is deemed best in the opinion of the Government." The gift has been made in consequence of the war.—(W. and D. Downey.)

THE KING MAKES UNCONDITIONAL GIFT OF £100,000 TO THE NATION

Letter to Premier Explaining His Majesty's Wish.

"RESULT OF THE WAR."

Government to Decide How Money Will Be Used.

The nation will learn with profound gratification that the King, with characteristic generosity, has given the magnificent sum of £100,000 to be used in connection with the war.

Notification of this splendid gift was sent to the Prime Minister in the following letter:—

Privy Purse Office,
Buckingham Palace, S.W.,
March 31, 1916.

Sir,—I have received the King's commands to inform you that His Majesty has given instructions for the sum of £100,000 to be placed at the disposal of the Treasury.

It is the King's wish that this sum, which he gives in consequence of the war, should be applied in whatever manner is deemed best in the opinion of his Majesty's Government.

I have the honour to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) F. E. G. PONSONBY,
Keeper of the Privy Purse.

The Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith,
K.C., M.P., Prime Minister.

The munificent gift of £100,000, placed as it is at the disposal of the Treasury unhampered by restrictions, is a superb climax to a series of notable acts of generosity.

When the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund was opened his Majesty headed the list of subscriptions with £5,000.

MONARCH'S BUSY DAY.

The stamp which the King contributed to the National Philatelic War Fund auction last month realised £525, and as recently as February his Majesty gave a magnificent panel of Chinese embroidery of Imperial yellow silk to the Red Cross Society for sale at Christie's.

The list of gifts could be lengthened indefinitely. But, after all, this is merely one phase of our beloved Sovereign's heartfelt concern for all affected by the war.

No monarch in the world's history has risen more nobly to the call of a great nation in its hour of trial than King George V.

Almost every hour of his life since Europe was plunged into war has been spent by His Majesty in visiting his troops, cheering the wounded, and with regal grace and almost superhuman energy performing the duties of a model Sovereign.

No part of the theatre of war, however remote, has been forgotten. His gracious message to General Townshend in beleaguered Kut gave moving proof of this.

BEAUTY'S FLIGHT.

Ban on Sale of Glycerine Leads to Scarcity in Complexion Washes.

The prohibition by the Government of the sale of glycerine, except upon a doctor's prescription, has agitated beauty specialists, both professional and amateur.

"Glycerine," said a chemist's assistant to *The Daily Mirror*, "has been in great demand by women, who use it as the basis of dressing for the hair and of lotions for the skin."

"It is used in nearly all complexion improvers."

"The inability to obtain it hereafter will, I suspect, be a great embarrassment to makers of toilet articles."

"However, there are a number of substitutes that will serve the same purpose, and in denying themselves the use of glycerine, women, I fancy, will do it cheerfully, knowing that it is needed for the making of explosives."

NO END YET TO CLYDE STRIKE.

It is understood that the Clyde strikers from one big works met on Saturday night, when 327 voted in favour of remaining out and 220 for unconditional resumption, giving a majority of 47 for staying out.

In another works, also, the majority favoured a policy of remaining out.

Another vote will be taken on Monday by the strikers at all the works affected.

FIVE STEAMERS SUNK.

The Swedish steamer *Hollandia* and the Norwegian steamers *Hans Gude* and *Bell* have been sunk, all crews being saved.

Lloyd's reports the presumed sinking of the Norwegian steamer *Peter Hamre*, particulars of the crew being unknown.

The steamer *Ashturn* (4,445 tons) has been sunk and the crew landed.

WONDERFUL ESCAPES IN GREAT AIR RAID.

Married Couple and Children Who Were Unhurt Though Blown Out of Their Beds.

More stories of the great air raid on the Eastern Counties were reported during the week-end.

The official reports state that two squadrons of Zeppelins and one detached ship participated in the raid.

Of these one, the L.15, was brought down off the Kentish coast. The crew surrendered and were captured, although, unfortunately, the crippled airship sank before she could be towed into port.

Possibly other members of the raiders were hit and damaged, for a machine gun, portions of machinery and other parts of a Zeppelin have been found.

The raiders seem to have done no military damage, and although already the dropping of seventy-six bombs is reported, most of these happily fell in open country.

The casualty list of the raid numbers seventy-two up to date, of whom twenty-eight were killed.

Two new features of this raid stand out. The Zeppelins appear to have dropped some asphyxiating bombs, and in one case to have tried to illuminate their target by means of a powerful light suspended from a rope hanging well below the airship.

The story of the fight with the raiders, which was seen by large crowds in the affected districts, and the capture of the wrecked L.15 form some of the most thrilling narratives of the war.

The bringing down of the L.15 was one of the chief topics of conversation yesterday.

HOW CREW WERE RESCUED.

The boat which saved the Zeppelin crew was the steam-trawler *Olive*, whose commander is Lieutenant W. R. Mackintosh, R.N.R. The *Olive* having transferred her prisoners to a faster vessel, returned to her duties at sea, and is not expected back for several days.

The crew of the trawler were keeping a sharp look-out when the Zeppelin was spotted at 3.30 a.m. riding on the sea.

As soon as the *Olive* got near enough the Germans made signs that they were willing to surrender.

Knowing that assistance was close at hand if needed, in the case of emergency, Lieutenant Mackintosh decided to rescue the Germans from their perilous position.

They were transferred to his boat, and soon afterwards another vessel took them over and brought them ashore.

A high official at Sheerness stated that the Zeppelin was damaged by land batteries, but there was no information up to the present as to who fired the guns.

It was very difficult to know when a Zeppelin was hit, and this could only be ascertained when there was a good light, or, of course, when an airship was seen to get out of control.

Two boys who were thrown out of bed by the bombs without injury.

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cottage properties in adjacent streets were blown in.

Hundredweights of broken glass strewed the streets.

Another bomb struck the rear wing of a public building, demolishing it.

A third bomb dropped in a somewhat better class of residential thoroughfare. It wrecked the fronts of three houses, breaking countless windows.

In this locality there were some remarkable escapes from injury. A family with several young children had just left one of the houses a few minutes before the bomb fell. All escaped injury.

In another house a man and wife were blown out of bed into another room, but only suffered from a severe shaking.

Two men were blown off their feet, but got up coated with dust and debris; they were unhurt.

Two boys were thrown out of bed by the explosion of bombs which completely wrecked the house next door and partly wrecked the house in which they were sleeping. They escaped uninjured.

Extensive as was the damage to house property, seriously no casualties have been reported beyond those which occurred in the one building.

GRIMED AND BOOTLESS PRISONERS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

CHATHAM, Sunday.—Prisoners from the Zeppelin which was brought down near the Kentish Knock Lightship were landed at Chatham Dock yesterday morning.

Fifteen of the crew and two officers were marched from the docks to detention quarters under a military escort. The first officer was very tall and looked a typical "squarehead"; the second officer was wearing an Iron Cross.

Nine of the crew were without boots, and were begrimed with oil and dirt. The officers did not seem to be taken with the men, and wanted to be driven to the detention quarters in a conveyance.

SPRING ROUTS WINTER.

Two Days of Sunshine Effect a Wonderful Change.

The spring offensive started in no uncertain way over the week-end. All the rude forces of winter seemed to be utterly routed.

Slush and snow, hail and drizzle were all vanquished by the invincible fire of sunshine.

Spring was carrying all before it.

There was a floral atmosphere in the air, and treading on the grassy swards of Hyde Park a person of sensitive temperament could almost feel the flowers stirring in their mounded plots of mould.

All the familiar signs of a triumphant spring progress were apparent.

Somebody started it on Friday night by ringing up *The Daily Mirror* and announcing that they had heard the cuckoo at Cross Keys, and all through sunny Saturday and sunny Sunday the birds multiplied.

There was a rush for the Brighton trains and a rush at Brighton for the sea front.

There was a rush for the public parks and for the walks in the Thames.

The wounded soldiers seemed particularly grateful for sunny Sunday. They disported themselves in the parks with a fine, careless, youthful spirit that made mock of injuries and pain.

DIAMONDS IN THE NORTH SEA.

A remarkable story of the discovery of diamonds afloat in the North Sea was told at the Guildhall on Saturday, when War, Hyacinth, Gleason, Twinty-three, and Gavin Charles Hamilton Landels, deck hands on H.M.S. trawler *Hero*, were charged with being in unlawful possession of diamonds worth about £100.

The two men were arrested on Friday afternoon on Holborn Viaduct, after having attempted to dispose of the diamonds. Gleason said he found the jewels floating in the North Sea.

Both men received good characters, and the magistrate remanded them on bail, remarking that their story was at least plausible.

SOUTH AFRICANS JOINING UP.

Cape Town, Saturday.—The recruiting campaign for reinforcements for the forces for East Africa is in full swing throughout the Union.

This afternoon there were enthusiastic scenes at Johannesburg when troops, with guns, marched through the thronged streets.

They were welcomed in front of the town hall by the mayor, who declared that with such men as these the Old Country would never go under. He appealed to every able-bodied civilian to enlist.—Reuter.

Privates P. Barnes and E. A. Ryders, Manchester Regiment, have been remanded at Westminster on a charge of sacrilege.

MORE WAR TAXES TO-MORROW.

Sources of Income Which the Chancellor Will Tap.

DEARER AMUSEMENTS.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

More war taxes!—

Although the revenue for the financial year just closed has expanded in a remarkable manner, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will foreshadow further imposts in his Budget speech to-morrow.

What the new taxes will be is naturally the subject of many forecasts. No surprise, however, will be created if the Chancellor should impose the following extra burdens:—

Income tax to be raised to 4s. in the £.

A corresponding increase in super-tax.

A ten per cent. increase on excess war profits tax.

A graduated tax on theatre, music-hall and cinema tickets.

The extraordinary elasticity of the national revenue is revealed in the figures for the financial year which ended on Friday. It shows an increase of £110,000,000 over the revenue for the previous year, and £31,750,000 more than Mr. McKenna estimated. The figures are:—

| | 1915-6. | 1914-5. | £ |
|----------------------|--------------|--------------|-------------------|
| Customs | 59,606,000 | 38,662,000 | Inc. 20,944,000 |
| Excise | 61,210,000 | 42,313,000 | Inc. 18,897,000 |
| Death, etc. | | | |
| Duties | 31,035,000 | 28,382,000 | Inc. 2,653,000 |
| Stamps | 6,784,000 | 7,577,000 | Dec. 813,000 |
| Land Tax | 320,000 | 630,000 | Inc. 3,000 |
| House Duty | 1,900,000 | 1,980,000 | Inc. 60,000 |
| Income and Super Tax | 128,320,000 | 69,399,000 | Inc. 58,921,000 |
| Excess Profits | 140,000 | | Inc. 140,000 |
| Land Value | | | |
| Duties | 363,000 | 412,000 | Dec. 49,000 |
| Posts | 24,100,000 | 20,400,000 | Inc. 3,700,000 |
| Telegraphs | 3,350,000 | 3,000,000 | Inc. 350,000 |
| Telephones | 6,450,000 | 6,250,000 | Inc. 200,000 |
| Crown Lands | 550,000 | 545,000 | Inc. 5,000 |
| Suez Canal, etc. | 2,431,854 | 1,276,632 | Inc. 1,155,222 |
| Miscellaneous | 9,796,970 | 5,917,443 | Inc. 3,879,527 |
| | £336,766,824 | £226,694,050 | Inc. £110,072,774 |

The Chancellor is credited with an intention to raise another £100,000,000 by to-morrow's Budget.

The net result of the year may be summarised thus:—

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------|
| Revenue (ordinary) | £336,766,824 |
| Expenditure (chargeable agst revenue) | 1,659,158,377 |

Deficit.....£1,222,391,553

The deficit, of course, has had to be covered by borrowing, and the amounts contributed during the year by the various means employed may be seen from the summary below:—

HOW THE DEFICIT HAS BEEN MET.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Balance of 31 p.c. War Loan | £35,794,408 |
| Balance of 3 p.c. Exchequer Bonds | 242,345 |
| Proceeds of 4 p.c. War Loan | 692,845,180 |
| Five p.c. Exchequer Bonds | 153,689,000 |
| American Loan | 50,820,023 |
| Other Debt | 10,280,000 |
| Treasury Bills | 468,818,000 |
| Temporary Advances | 8,896,500 |

Deficit as above.....£1,222,391,553

Balance of other expenditure.....£1,340,659,456

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Reduction in Exchequer balances.....£57,875,946

A full discussion of the Budget resolutions will take place on Wednesday. E. A. J.

RAIDERS CLEAR SHOP.

Plight of Coal Merchant Who Has Been Three Weeks Without Stock.

One of the most disagreeable results of the war to the civilian population has been a shortage of coal.

People who live in the Thames Valley appear to have suffered considerably.

The *Daily Mirror* was informed yesterday that at Twickenham there had been a very scant supply of coal for practically a month.

"We might as well shut up the shop for all the business we are doing," said a Twickenham coal merchant.

"The last time I had any coal was about three weeks ago. There wasn't very much of it, but the place was raided, and every lump of coal was carried off within half an hour."

"People were standing in a queue outside the shop."

"At the present moment I have orders enough to supply the whole town. But goodness knows when they will be delivered."

MORE DOCTORS WANTED TO ENROL.

The War Office requests all qualified medical men, not exceeding forty-five years of age, to enter their names under the enrolment scheme established by the Central Medical War Committee.

It might happen that enrolment would not mean calling up, but it is urgently necessary in the interests of the civil community, no less than our armies, that medical men should enrol themselves.

ZEPPELIN RAID ON N. AND S.E. COUNTIES LAST NIGHT

Airship Also Attacks the Coast of Scotland.

SATURDAY'S VISIT.

Eight Houses Demolished by Raider's Bombs.

A SERIOUS FIRE.

The Zeppelin raid last night on the coast of Scotland and the northern and south-eastern counties of England is the third in three days. The first was on Friday night, when the L 15 came to grief, and the second was on Saturday night, when the north-eastern coast was visited.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S RAID.

On Saturday night there were two raiders, but only one crossed the coast, the other turning back. The casualties so far reported are sixteen killed and 100 injured. Eight dwelling-houses were demolished and a serious fire was caused in a french polishing shop.

ANOTHER ZEPPELIN LOST.

On arriving at Copenhagen on Saturday the crew of a Danish fishing ship reported that while on their way out to the North Sea they saw in the distance what was evidently a wrecked Zeppelin.

VAUX VILLAGE FIGHTING.

The Germans claim that French trenches north-east of Haucourt extending over 1,100 yards "have been cleared of the enemy." Also they claim to have taken flanking defence works north-west and west of Vaux village, and 731 prisoners.

THE KING'S \$100,000 WAR GIFT.

Details of the King's magnificent gift of \$100,000 to the nation will be found on page 2. His Majesty, in a letter to the Premier, explains that the gift is made in consequence of the war. There are no conditions and the Government is to decide to what purposes the money is to be applied.

BOMB THAT WRECKED AN EMPTY TRAMWAY-CAR.

Magistrate Killed in the Street—Victims Include Children.

A town on the North-East Coast was visited on Saturday night by a Zeppelin, which dropped a number of explosive bombs, doing considerable damage to working-class dwellings and causing several deaths.

The invader appeared to approach the town from a westerly direction at a great height. Bombs were dropped in a line.

Loud detonations woke the inhabitants, many of whom went into the streets. The attack had been prepared for, the trains being stopped. This was fortunate, for one bomb fell on empty car, wrecking it.

Neighbouring streets suffered severely. In one case a bomb fell on a bed, but did not explode. A tramway inspector was killed in the street.

A well-known magistrate, who is the leader of the local Labour Party, was killed in the street. Three fires were caused, but were not at all serious, and promptly extinguished.

The Zeppelin went off to sea, the visit only lasting a few minutes.

The victims include a baby and several little children, while the damage is practically confined to small working-class property.

ANOTHER ZEPPELIN LOST IN THE NORTH SEA.

COPENHAGEN, Saturday.—The crew of a Danish west coast fishing vessel just arrived reports that while on their way out into the North Sea they observed in the far distance what was evidently a wrecked Zeppelin half-way under the water.

The fishermen suppose the wreck was that of a Zeppelin which was seen steering northward, accompanied by two hydroplanes, last Saturday during the fighting off the Schleswig coast, and which must subsequently have come to grief.

Nothing is known of the whereabouts of the crew.—Central News.

THIRD HUN AIR RAID IN THREE DAYS.

PRESS BUREAU, Monday, 1.15 a.m.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

Air Raid.—A Zeppelin raid took place last night on the coast of Scotland and the northern and south-eastern counties of England were attacked.

Bombs were dropped at various places, but no details are at present available.

A further communication will be issued later.

ZEPP RAID ON N.E. COAST ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

PRESS BUREAU, Sunday, 6.29 p.m.

Two airships approached the North-East Coast last night.

Only one crossed the coast, the other having turned back.

As far as is at present known sixteen persons were killed and about 100 injured.

Eight dwelling houses were demolished and a serious fire was caused in a french polishing shop.

SECRET PLOT TO INVADE CANADA FROM COAST. ENEMY CLAIMS SUCCESS NEAR HAUCOURT.

Two Suspects Being Hunted for in the United States.

WASHINGTON, Sunday.—Details of plans evolved for an invasion of Canada are made public here.

It is alleged that ammunition was secreted at points along the Pacific Coast by an individual named Tauscher, who arranged to obtain explosives for the blowing up of a certain canal.

One of the two men actively sought for in the United States is believed to be the moving spirit among the conspirators, while the other is a man who has been going under the name of Fritz, of whom the Government officials have at present no trace.—Central News.

BRITISH GENERAL'S BIG ATHENS RECEPTION.

SALONIKA, Sunday.—General Mahon returned to-day from Athens.

He has brought back the best impressions from his journey, and was cordially received both by the King and the city population.

Feeling was expressed in the highest Greek quarters during the general's visit that the English attitude under difficult and delicate circumstances brought into existence by the presence of the Allies at Salonika had been a can sistent tactical and courteous one.

G. WARD PRICE.

ATHENS, Saturday.—Members of the Chamber of Deputies representing Salonika to-day handed to the Premier a memorandum demanding that immediate measures be taken with a view to ensure the security of the population from the danger of a fresh aerial bombardment.

They demand the evacuation of the town of Salonika itself by the Allied troops and the removal from the town of German troops. It is proposed that Germany should be notified that further bombing will be considered as directed against Greece.

The Premier has already complied with the first suggestion, and has demanded the evacuation of the town of Salonika by the Allied troops and the removal of the ammunition stores.—Reuter.



Men leaving a base camp for work in the fire trenches by means of a communicating trench. The photograph was taken in the Balkans.

BIG GERMAN BLOWS FOR VERDUN.

Four Attacks Between Douaumont Fort and Vaux Village.

FRENCH LEAVE VILLAGE.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Sunday.—To-night's official communiqué is as follows:—

Between the Somme and the Oise our artillery displayed particular activity in the region of Parvillers, Fonquecourt, and Lansigny, where some German trenches were wrecked by our fire.

West of the Meuse the Germans launched several strong attacks on the Avocourt Wood redoubt.

All the assaults were repulsed by our curtain and machine gun fire.

East of the Meuse the struggle was very sharp all day.

In the Douaumont-Vaux region the Germans, after a bombardment with large calibre shells, delivered four simultaneous attacks with the effectives of more than a division on our positions between the fort of Douaumont and the village of Vaux.

South-east of Douaumont they penetrated into the wood of La Caillotte. Counter-attacks immediately launched by us drove them back into the northern part of this wood.

South of Vaux our line skirts the immediate approaches to the village, of which we have evacuated the last ruined houses.

In the Woëvre there was intermittent artillery activity.

In the Wood of Le Pretre an Aviatik was brought down by our special guns and fell in the German lines.

In the Vosges fire from our batteries caused the explosion of a munition depot east of the Reichackerkopf (west of Munster).—Central News.

A "DRAGON" IN FLAMES.

The following is that part of last night's French communiqué relating to aerial warfare, and transmitted from Paris by Reuter:—

Aviation.—On the night of April 1 and 2 one of our bombing squadrons dropped twenty-eight shells on the station of Elain, and on the bivouacs in the neighbourhood of the village of Nantillois.

On the same night three of our machines dropped twenty-two shells, which started many fires, in the villages of Azennes and Briellens-sur-Meuse.

Yesterday our airmen brought down three enemy machines on the Verdun front, while two other German machines had to come down prematurely in the same region.

Finally a Drachen was brought down in flames by one of our aeroplanes.

VIOLENT SHELLING.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Sunday.—This afternoon's communiqué says:—

To the west of the Meuse there was a somewhat violent bombardment of our positions in the Bois d'Avocourt, but without infantry action.

To the east of the Meuse the night was quiet. The enemy made no fresh attempt in the region of Douaumont-Vaux.

There was some little artillery activity in the Woëvre.

There was nothing of importance in the course of the night on the rest of the front.—Reuter.

BRITISH TAKE CAPTIVES.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS (FRANCE), Sunday, 9.30 p.m.—Last night at St. Eloi we captured one officer and four men. Grenade fighting continues.

The artillery of both sides has been active about Souchez, Augers, Loos, St. Eloi and Xpres. There has been some mining activity by both sides about Hulluch and the Hohenzollern Redoubt. Two hostile aeroplanes were driven down behind the German lines.

One of our machines sent out yesterday is missing.

(BELGIAN OFFICIAL.)

Belgian official communiqué, Sunday.—The Belgian artillery bombarded during the whole of the night the German positions of Merkan.

To-day there has been a violent artillery duel in the sector to the east of Ranschappelle and near Dixmude.—Wireless Press.

80-MILE BRITISH LINE.

PARIS, Sunday.—M. Marcel Hutin, in the Echo de Paris, says: "It is to be noted that the once 'contemptible little Army' of Marshal Foch now henceforward holds nearly a fourth of the western front, or a stretch of over eighty miles."—Exchange.

Pettit's
KENSINGTON

SPRING BARGAINS.

Ms. 4/113 Bore and
New "Triolet" Model in
drawn silk, with elegant Taped
straw and trimmed prettily with
straw and fruit party. Colours:
Navy, Nigger, Black, Putty,
Rose, Purple, White, Grey or
Sage. Splendid value.

Part Post 3/113 Worth
3d. Astonishing Offer. The latest
loose fitting **Blouse** of rich
brocaded Pique effect, with
charming wendy designs in plain
shades of Sky, Brown, Black,
Rose, Navy, Champagne, Sage,
Amethyst, Pink or White.
Size 15 1/2, 14 1/2.

Postal Orders
should be
crossed
and notes
registered.

Blouse 2/113 Part
Bargain. Today's Value, 5/113. Made
of an ideal Spring Washing
Fabric, soft Silky Linen Mix-
ture in delightful shades of
Grey, Sky, Sage, White,
Navy, Brown, Maroon, Cham-
pagne, 15 1/2 in. 14 1/2 in. 14 in.
Easy Fitting and Full Tailor
cut.

Bargain Price 9/6

**New Jump-
per Dress** in fine
quality
material
and well
made and
finished.
Colours: Navy, Black, Sage,
Grey, Ivory, Brown, etc.
Worth securing.

PETTIT'S, Kensington High St., W.

A STRANGE "FARE" FOR THE TAXICAB.



During the blizzard this tree fell right across a taxicab in Grove Hill-lane, Watford. The vehicle had had its passage barred by another fallen tree, so the occupants had alighted and no one was hurt.

MISSING SOLDIERS.



Lieutenant Jack Vidgen, who has been missing since August, 1915. He was at Suvla Bay. News of him is sought.



Rifleman W. H. Adams, posted missing since May, 1915. He was last seen wounded behind the German lines.

AT HER EXERCISES.



Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, who is a great believer in hard training, doing physical exercises.

ETON COLLEGE SPORTS.



Viscount Kingsborough, son and heir of the Earl of Kingston, doing a high jump in the finals.

QUEEN AMELIA OF PORTUGAL AS A NURSE.



Her Majesty (in centre) is seen in her uniform. She works daily at the Third London General Hospital at Wandsworth, where her great kindness and tenderness have made her beloved by the wounded patients.

HOW I PERMANENTLY REMOVED AN UGLY GROWTH OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

By MARIETTA DI TERGOLINA.
(The well-known Mezzo-Soprano).

The use of grease paint as almost everyone who has used it night after night knows, is very liable to induce a growth of superfluous hair upon the face. I was no exception to the rule, and at in my early found to my a strong peering up. This caused concern un- suggested little phenol into a paste drops of very doubt the result, thing had to quickly, so I one ounce of from my applied it in the manner suggested. The phenol removed the hair at the first application, and the next day I started using some tekko paste, and continued doing so for several weeks. At the end of this period I could find no trace of hair whatever, not even with a magnifying glass, and since then I have never been troubled with the slightest suspicion of the disfiguring growth returning. I consider the discovery of this phenol to be the greatest boon on earth.

Marietta di Tergolina

PILENTA SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION.
ALL CHEMISTS.—(Advt.)

Extra-ordinary Cocoa

Messrs. Savory & Moore manufacture an excellent preparation of Cocoa and Milk which is quite unlike the ordinary article and has many distinctive features. The chief of these are as follows:—

It is made from specially selected Cocoa and pure sterilised country milk.

It is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining, and its delicious flavour is much appreciated by connoisseurs of cocoa.

It is very easily digested, and can be enjoyed even by those who are quite unable to take tea, coffee or cocoa in the ordinary form.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 3, 1916.

"GIVE ALL TO LOVE . . ."

BUDGET week brings back the immense financial problems of this war: the time urges all good citizens to review that great preoccupation of money—the money needed to back up our men in the prolongation of the tremendous struggle. The Prime Minister has told the House of Commons that we can endure the burden, and how can there be any thought of our not enduring it, when we remember the lives laid down so willingly hitherto for a result? Whatever view may be held about the length of the war—and there are about as many views as there are men to hold them—it is certain that we must prepare for a long last stage, for a third winter, a third year. Financially such provision is even more necessary than it is in the fighting field.

Very fittingly, then, does the King's generous gift to the Treasury, announced to-day, set our people an example of the spirit of common sacrifice on this side of the contest. As men in millions have so far shown their readiness to give up everything for our country, so must other millions at home show a similar readiness to give up, if need be, not "half their incomes" but all—we have. Certain quaint, wise verses give us the maxim of the hour:—

Give all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse—
Nothing refuse.
'Tis a brave master;
Let it have scope;
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope . . .

In giving up our money, our time, our happiness, we give "all to love"; since we give to the cause for which so many splendid men have suffered faithfully to the end.

The King's gift comes then at a good moment—just when such an example is needed to stimulate us to further effort. "Staleness" is a danger here at home, as it is with men in training, or at the front, it is in human nature to need, every now and then, the stimulus of new examples. We need boldness, more boldness, in finance as in fighting, and the Chancellor must feel to-morrow that, whatever sacrifices he may demand, the nation is silently waiting to accept them.

The week of the King's gift is also the week of the second great Red Cross sale. The two events may serve as examples of a general determination to reinforce our men with our money. There are dozens of fine purposes still needing help—the Y.M.C.A., whose work has been so eminently practical and helpful, the French Wounded Fund, which has admirably helped to bind two peoples together and to show, in these weeks of Verdun, the admiration we all feel for the splendid immortal stand; others of every kind. As at the beginning of the war, so now, in its second year, let us be ready to keep nothing back that can help any soldier at the front.

And hitherto not even a pessimist could deny that response to the many calls upon the public has been ready. "Ask and you shall receive" is a maxim for once finding sufficient worldly confirmation. What the King's gift excellently serves to show is that we do not intend to slacken in this, any more than in any other part of our effort; but to go on "giving all to love," money and men together, till the end.

W. M.

APRIL.

I give you meadow-lands in April, fair
With over-growth of beautiful green grass;
There among fountains the glad hours shall pass,
And pleasant lilies bring you solace there;
With steeds of Spain and snubling palfreys rare;
Provencal songs and dances that surpass
And quaint French mummings; and through hollow
briars
A sound of German music on the air.
And gardens ye shall have, that every one
May lie at ease about the fragrant place;
And each with fitting reverence shall bow down
Unto that youth to whom I gave the crown
Of precious jewels like to those that grace
The Babylonian Kaiser, Greter John.
—FOLIORE DA SAN GEMINIANO (tra. Rossetti).

WHERE THE ALLIED COUNCILS ARE HELD.

A GLIMPSE OF THE ROOMS OF THE QUAÏ D'ORSAY.

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

IT is in the French Foreign Office that the historic "Assises of Victory" have lately been held, and will be held again, on shrewd Napoleonic lines of "a carefully prepared plan." And I doubt if, in all its world-shaping record, the Quai d'Orsay ever saw such a gathering of notables as recently sat round the four great tables of the red and gold Grand Salon which looks out upon the Seine.

Briand, the Prime Minister of France, with Joffre at his side, Asquith and Grey, advised by Robertson and Kitchener. Salandra, the Italian Premier, with Cadorna to prompt him, and Dall'Olivo to talk munitions—as Albert Thomas did for France and Lloyd George for Great Britain. Eight nations were here, from mighty Russia to conquered Belgium and Ser-

not receive," a frigid usher said, and the American retired, crestfallen.

"What you needed," his Ambassador pointed out, "was the frock-coat of the protocol, with a silk hat and appropriate gloves. Shirt sleeves diplomacy is well enough in Sofia, but it don't go here. Why, the Quai d'Orsay is all etiquette, ceremony and tradition."

The spirits of these haunt the magnificent staircase and interminable salons, with lofty painted ceilings, silken carpets, rare Gobelin tapestry and furniture beyond all price—masterpieces in precious woods actually signed by ébénistes like Riesener, and classic craftsmen of the eighteenth century.

A PINT OF INK.

In the Foreign Minister's own cabinet is an historic writing-table that belonged to the Prince-Bishop of Autun.

This precious relic amassed so much history during the Directory, the Consulate, Empire and Restoration that Guizot himself declared he never approached it "without fear and trembling!" Théophile Delcassé had no such sentimental qualms. This wonderful little man, whom France once "broke" at the Kaiser's bid-

WOMEN'S WORK.

WILL THEY KEEP THEIR NEW JOBS AFTER THE WAR?

"GREAT FUN."

AS one of your correspondents points out, it will be "great fun" for war-weary men to come back from the front to find women in their places—paid less and doing the work perhaps quite as well.

Let superfluous women emigrate rather! F. M. E.

ENOUGH BARRISTERS!

I DO not think that by advocating women being trained for professions, which have up to the present been almost exclusively held by men, we are likely to lighten the hearts of our married men (or the single, for that matter) now being called to the colours.

It is hard enough to be called upon to sacrifice business, or the position one may have attained to professional life, after years of patient struggle, without being told how easily women can be trained to fill your place, and, incidentally, make competition and the struggle for existence fifty times harder, when you try to take up the threads after the war.

If, on the other hand, the suggestion to train women professionally only refers to the young girls, these will compete with our youths (now too young to join the Army) and do more harm than good.

Surely there are many fields of labour open to woman where she need not become man's rival. There will always be enough briefcases, baristers, poorly paid architects' assistants, and clerks without adding to the number.

WIFE OF ONE WHO HAS ATTESTED.
Winchester.

ENGLISH SPELLING.

A FRIEND in Russia has recently sent me a letter which contained the following striking remarks: "If simplified spelling came into being English would spread like wild fire here. Russians are eager to learn it, but everywhere you hear: 'Your English grammar is very easy but unpronounceable, except with great practice.'"

Owing to this German was largely used in the commercial relations with English business houses before the war, and it will be a crying scandal if it has still to be used after the war owing to our ridiculous spelling."

A. COPESTAKE.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 2.—Various lilies may now be planted out. They look well when set among azaleas and rhododendrons, but, of course, these shrubs must not be crowded together. Lilies enjoy very deeply-dug ground that is moist and fairly rich. If it contains peat or leaf-mould, so much the better. Half-shade should also be given them.

Anemone (the hill lily of Japan), speciosum (there are many lovely varieties), and long-florum, with its long snow-white trumpets, are three precious sorts that can be planted this week.

E. F. T.

GENUINE SIGNS OF SPRING AT LAST!



A "real touch of spring" is delightful to talk about, but it is a popular error to suppose that its effect upon human beings is of the rejuvenating sort. Our cartoonist's opinion is that people generally feel cooler and look older at this season. (By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

bis, from far-off Japan to friendly Portugal, our ally for 500 years. You may be sure some great painter will be commissioned to record these august assemblies fraught with the whole world's liberty.

This is the "common War Council" which Mr. Asquith outlined in the House of Commons last November, "in order that operations may be even more efficiently conducted and co-ordinated." Strange, how the Foreign Offices of Europe are always referred to by location! The newspaper reader knows them all "by site," so to speak. Downing-street in London, the Quai d'Orsay in France, Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse, and Vienna's Budastrasse.

All these palaces of State have reception and entertaining rooms on a superb scale, but their festivities are necessarily formal. And, although a Republic, France's Foreign Ministry is the most formal of them all. In Delcassé's day an American Attaché called by appointment in lawn tennis garb. He had been up the river at the famous Puteaux Club. "The Minister does

ding, banished the famous table, installing in its stead a modern business desk of huge proportions.

The Minister did, however, retain the traditional ink-pot of the Quai d'Orsay—a somewhat hideous bronze of the First Empire. It holds over a pint of ink, and was used in signing the Treaty of Paris which wound up the Crimean War. The Minister's study looks out into a beautiful garden of several acres. And although there is a vast volume of business transacted here, with daily deliveries of mails—political, diplomatic and consular—yet Quai d'Orsay tradition ordains that the Foreign Minister's desk shall never appear littered or untidy.

So all State papers, all letters, reports and works of reference lie in orderly array, as though this stately sanctum were the library of a leisured country gentleman.

It is on Wednesday afternoon that the French Foreign Minister receives in the Grand Salon—Ambassadors and Senators, deputies of the Chamber and foreign notables who have

the entrée to these formal and sacred halls. The furniture undergoes constant change, as French Governments rise and fall. No State in Europe has such works of art as call to mind every piece has a pedigree that adds to its own worth. Thus M. Rouvier, who was Minister of the Interior, took over the Quai d'Orsay, after Delcassé's dismissal at the Kaiser's wish, selected the bureau of a famous Minister of Finance under Louis Quatorze.

Such is the Paris Ministry of Foreign Affairs—the home of silence and discretion. It is indeed a diplomatic school whose language and traditions are adopted by the whole world of statecraft. No saying could be more suitable than the secret councils of the Allied nations—the happily named "Assises of Victory."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.—Isaac Walton.

WITH HIS BACK TO THE "ENGINE."

P 18826



When Mr. R. J. Wilkinson, the new Governor of Sierra Leone, arrived to take up his new duties he was carried from the quay to Government House in a kind of hammock, natives acting as bearers. There was a brass band composed of native musicians.

TWO SOLDIER HEROES

P 18825

P 18826



Sergeant A. W. Higgins, killed in action. His parents, who live at West Ham, have recently received his D.C.M.



Sergeant J. Clark, of Glasgow, a Gallipoli hero. He was promoted on the field, and has won the D.C.M.

OUR GUEST FROM SERBIA.

P 4708



The Crown Prince of Serbia, who wore mufi, went for a shopping expedition in Bond-street on Saturday. He is seen nearest the camera.

"THE BLACK PRINCE."

P 4670



Lieutenant Prince George of Battenberg, son of Prince Louis of Battenberg, after taking a vigorous part in the coaling of a certain famous battle-cruiser. His father was First Sea Lord.

FRANCE WILL HAVE NO SH



A great sensation has been created in Paris by the trial which is being held by the third Council of War. There are forty-seven prisoners, and the charge against them is of having procured numerous discharges from army service for both soldiers and civilians. The accused, who are seen facing their judges, include three doctors.

SAVED LIVES.

P 18826



Corporal C. A. T. Hughes, R.A.M.C., awarded the D.C.M. For more than twenty-four hours he dressed badly wounded men in a trench which was being bombarded.

TWO APOSTLES



Admiral von Tirpitz and his famous whisky. The latter is still carrying on with frightfulness, peddled in the Black Sea.

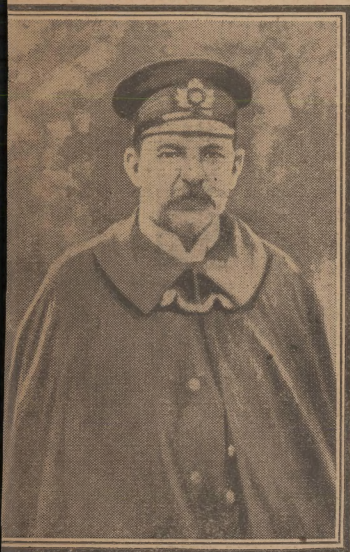
ERS: WAR TRIAL IN PARIS.

P 1827.



named Lombard, Laborde and Garfunkel, but persons in every walk of life are represented, and included among their number are several men in uniform. Note the woman barrister seated beneath the dock. Several of them attend the court and follow the case with close interest.—(Wyndham.)

EA FRIGHTFULNESS.



with his successor, Admiral von Capelle. The an hospital ship has just been deliberately tor-
sion sisters were drowned.

TAXI V. HORSE.

P 1826.



Charles Pazzala, a London taxicab driver, who stopped a runaway horse. He held on to the rein for 200 yards and drove his cab at the same time, finally pulling up the animal.

CLYDE STRIKE COMING TO AN END.

P 204



Clyde workers at a meeting held in connection with the strike. The news from this quarter improves, and it is hoped that there will be an almost complete resumption of work to-day. It will be remembered that several men were arrested and deported.

THE NEW STYLE COAT.

In England



Gown and hat by D. H. Evans. The coat is cut on the new full lines, while the skirt is of taffeta and has four rows of gauging at the waist. The hat is in crinoline trimmed with osprey.

OFFICERS DECORATED.

P 1826

P 1825.



Major Adrian C. Gordon, awarded the D.S.O. He captured twelve Germans while under fire and shot another one.



Lieutenant H. S. Reece, who came from Barbados and enlisted as a private. He has won the Military Cross.

A BARBED WIRE ROOF.

P 19084.



Trench covered with barbed wire in Champagne. Though this roof would not keep out the rain, it would keep out the Boches.

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CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

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REV. HUGH GRIEVE,

Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much himself a man.

ALAN WYNNIE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

ROSALIE GRIEVE is riding home in an omnibus. There is one young man in particular who watches her with a kind of bland interest that is disconcerting.

His interest becomes so embarrassing that Rosalie leans forward and asks him, ominously, "Do I know you?"

The young man tells her that he knows she is Mrs. Grieve. And then Rosalie remembers—he is Alan Wynne, whom she had once met when she was staying in artistic circles in Paris.

They talk over old times, and she arranges to dine with him and some artists in Soho.

When Rosalie reaches home she tells her husband of the meeting. Her husband is waiting for her. His face is very grave and serious. He tells her that one of his wardens has been telling him more strange stories about Wynne.

Rosalie makes a light reply, and Hugh Grieve's anger rises. His remarks become more biting. He gets angrier and angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie. Finally, he tells her that she must not see Wynne again.

But one day Rosalie says that she is invited to a fancy dress ball to which Wynne is going. Her husband asks her not to go. But later Rosalie finds on his desk a letter to someone called "Lucy," and enclosing a cheque for £100. "Lucy" is really a young wastrel named Linton, who has been bothering Hugh Grieve for money.

She is very angry, and when a ticket for the ball comes from Wynne she decides to accept. But she does not actually go to the ball, and he asks if she goes to Wynne's studio again, and he asks if he may take her over to Paris. Rosalie says "Yes." Rosalie, after waiting at the station, learns that Wynne is ill.

ROSALIE RETURNS.

"HOLD up, Rosalie!" Bettison's voice was peremptory. "I'm sorry I frightened you. Wynne'll pull through all right. The doctor says..."

"Where is he?" Rosalie's voice was shrill. "In hospital. The doctor says he must have been subject to these attacks. I'm afraid I scared him."

"Where did you meet him?" "In Victoria Station—at the left luggage office. He was piling some traps and I was down there getting a bag. I hailed him, and I might have been a ghost the way he looked. And we hadn't been talking five minutes when he collapsed. But he'll be all right soon."

"Is he coming?" "Hardly. He's got this trip to Paris of his on the brain. Blames us for not being there already. Says he relied on us, and all sort of things. It's only a phase. He'll be as right as a trivet soon. I've just come along to tell Mrs. McBain he won't be back for a day or two."

"He's left Mrs. McBain's," said Rosalie dully. "Look here, Mrs. Grieve," said Bettison firmly, "you've got to pull yourself together, you know. There's no need to be unduly worried. Wynne will be well looked after. The very best medical advice and all that sort of thing."

There was an anxious look in Frank Bettison's brown eyes. He remembered a few remarks of Madge Fairfield's. Could it be true that there was anything between Alan Wynne and Rosalie Grieve? The girl's perturbation was evident.

"I'm sorry," Rosalie made a gallant effort to compose herself. "Your news was—very unexpected."

"I got a fright myself, I tell you," said Bettison. "Wynne always seemed to me an uncommonly healthy specimen. Which way are you going, Mrs. Grieve?"

The direct question took Rosalie aback. Bettison saw the look of fear leap into her eyes again. "I mean," he added hurriedly, "I think you ought to let me see you home."

"No, no!" "A cab, then. Where can one get a cab hereabouts?"

Then he saw the valise that she was carrying, and his glance narrowed.

"What's happening?" he asked, abruptly. Rosalie did not reply. She was pale to the lips.

"Of course, I've no right to ask," he went on, "but I can see something's up, and if I can help you—"

"Oh, you can't, you can't!" She turned from him, anguish in her voice. Bettison stroked his beard nervously.

"I'm an awful duffer at helping anybody, I know," he said with a smile, "but if I can be of

any use, well, here I am. I've knocked about a bit and I can understand things. At least... won't you let me have a try?"

Rosalie shook her head. "All right," he said, lightly. "What about that cab, then?"

She turned her eyes, wide and staring, upon him.

"Frank," she gasped, "I've—I've got no place to go to!"

"Eh?" He spoke sharply. "No place," she repeated dully. "I—I was going away."

"With Wynne?" The brown eyes flashed. "Yes. To you and Dora and Madge."

"To me and Dora and Madge? I don't understand."

"No, of course, you don't. Nobody will ever understand now."

"Can't you explain? Since you've brought me into it I think you must. Come, Rosalie, tell me what's the trouble."

With an effort the girl obtained mastery over herself.

"I was going to Paris," she said, speaking quickly. "We thought you were there—Alan and I did. He wrote to you saying I was coming. And now—you are not in Paris. You are here."

"Very much here!" He tried to speak gaily. "But what has Wynne got to do with your going to Paris?"

"He was taking me. He himself was going on to Avignon. I was meeting him to-day at two o'clock—at Victoria. I waited and waited. He never came."

"It's a jolly good thing you didn't go on by yourself," cried Bettison. "Of course, we never got Wynne's letter. It'll be waiting for us at Papa Pierre's when we get there."

"I'd have gone on by myself, only I had no money—not enough," said Rosalie.

"Was Wynne standing the racket, then?" asked Bettison, and again the brown eyes looked troubled.

"No. It was all my carelessness. And now... I don't know what to do."

"Do? The first thing you ought to do is to get right home and have tea. You don't look as if you'd lunched. Have an egg to your tea."

He laughed again, but there was no mirth in the sound.

"Don't you understand?" she swept upon him. "Don't you understand? I've left the vicarage. I've left Hugh."

"For a moment he stared at her in silence. "I guessed that," he said, at length, slowly. "Still... You've got to go back home."

"I can't!" "Why not?"

"Oh! Can't you see why not? Can't you realise what this going away has meant to me? I've been so afraid, and now... when I'd conquered my fears, when I'd made up my mind—"

"You're shirking the anti-climax, do you mean? What's been the matter? Has Hugh been horrid to you? A quarrel, eh?"

"I can't tell you."

"Don't tell me, then. But you go home, Mrs. Grieve. Make it up with Hugh. Take my word—"

"He'll never forgive me."

"Need he know?"

"Yes, I—I left a letter—"

"When did you leave home?"

"About noon."

"Is he at home?"

"I don't know. He had gone to lunch in town somewhere."

"Perhaps he may not have got back yet."

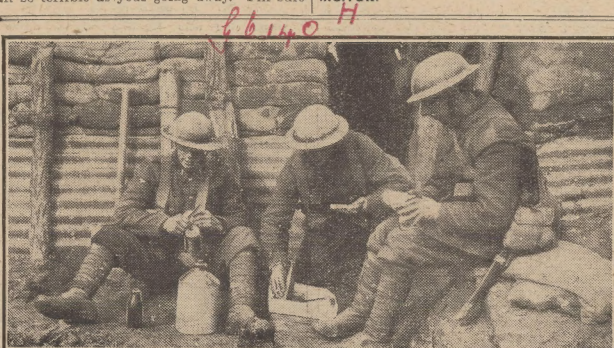
There was a pause. Bettison said that the suggestion had weight with Rosalie. He followed it up.

"Ten to one he hasn't," he said. "I know what these lunches in town are. Anyhow, it's worth trying. Besides, if he has got your letter you can tell him it was all a joke, that you wanted to frighten him."

"Oh, you don't realise how serious this is."

He looked at her very earnestly.

"Oh, I can tell you something," she said gravely. "Ever since you made up your mind to go away you've regretted that decision. Now, haven't you? I know you have. What you now want is to get back home and to have the chance of beginning again. To have gone away would have been a dreadful mistake. I don't know what's happened at the Vicarage. I don't want to know. But it cannot have been anything half so terrible as your going away. I'm sure



Lunch time in the Canadian trenches within fifty yards of the German lines.—(Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

Our Grand Serial. By MARK ALLERTON

of that, Mrs. Grieve. You've still got a chance. Take it. Go home. And if you are too late..."

"Yes! Yes!" "A woman is never too late when the man loves her."

"But Hugh..." "Loves you. I know that. I don't know what the misunderstanding is. I don't care. You've got to put it right. It's up to you now. I'm an old pal of yours, Rosalie, and I tell you now that you've missed the biggest folly in your life. Wynne's illness was providential. Now, promise me—"

"H! Text!" He waved his arms. A taxicab drew up.

"St. Luke's Vicarage," he told the man. "Jump in, Rosalie. Jump in, I tell you. That's right. God bless you! Good luck!"

He watched the cab drive away. He heaved a great sigh of relief.

"My hat!" he said aloud. "What an escape! The problem now is: Will she pull it off?"

THE MISSING LETTER.

It was not Bettison's words but Mrs. McBain's that Rosalie remembered as she drove homewards. The stress of events of the day did not allow her to think coherently. One thing pressed upon her mind—the necessity of getting possession of that letter before it fell into Hugh's hands.

If he read it she need not hope for understanding, for mercy. The suspicions he had entertained would now be confirmed. She had written that she was going to the Bettisons' in Paris. It would not be difficult for Hugh to find out that the Bettisons were not in Paris, but in London. The rest meant ignominy.

She felt that she could not bear another scene with Hugh, that she could battle no more in defence of her conception of justice. She would just give in.

Mrs. McBain had said that Hugh was in sore straits. What had she meant by that? Had something happened to Hugh of which she knew nothing? She was not quite sure what sore straits meant. Perhaps Mrs. McBain had referred only to her leaving him. But somehow she had gathered the impression that another meaning was in the woman's mind. Was Hugh in any difficulty?

And then Rosalie thought of Lucy. Was Hugh being plagued by someone who belonged to the days before he and she had met? Rosalie had read in books of threats of exposure, of blackmail, of lives made hell on earth by those without scruples and without conscience.

Could that be why Hugh had changed of late? Why, even the previous evening in church he had seemed so tired and weary, without zeal, without enthusiasm. Even the lady who had met her had commented on her husband's health. Was all well with Hugh?

As the question occurred to her, so did a great longing seize her to assure herself that Hugh was well. Immediately she was convinced that she had not been good to Hugh—that it was all her fault.

Not once but a dozen times she had wantonly run counter to his wishes. She had persistently refused to regard life from his point of view. She had insisted on her own. As if a point of view mattered! She had magnified the trifles of which Hugh disapproved until they had seemed necessities. She knew now of only one necessity—Hugh himself.

As Frank Bettison had said, Providence had intervened to avert a catastrophe. Providence had snatched Alan Wynne from her ere he could take her from Hugh. She realised how the step she contemplated was no temporary separation but one which was irrevocable. She would have gone away and the gates would have been closed against her return. They might be closing now. Would she be too late?

She was on fire to be back again. The taxicab seemed to crawl. At last it was at the vicarage gate. She sprang out, paid the man, and hastened indoors. The valise she flung in a corner of the hall. A maid appeared.

"Is your master back yet?" "He came back about half an hour ago, m'am. He has gone out again."

Rosalie rushed to her husband's study. One glance at the mantelpiece told her the worst. The letter was gone!

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

Silk Sale

at
DERRY & TOMS

Kensington High St. London, W.

We have just concluded the purchase of the entire surplus stock of one of London's most prominent silk importers at a remarkable price.

Shot Taffetas

70 Pieces of Shot Chiffon Taffeta, probably the most fashionable of all gown silks. The superbly rich colour combinations include Navy Blue shot Black, Nattier Blue shot Brown, Cherry shot Reseda, Emerald shot Navy, etc. The chief characteristics of these charming silks are a softness of peculiar elasticity, and colour tonings of wonderful richness. Single width.

Reduced from 2/6 to **1/6 1/2 yd.**

Italian multi-colour Striped Silks

54 Pieces of Fine Messaline, all Silk Satins in the variegated stripes so dear to the Italian. The colour combinations are wonderful. Imagine Greys, Blues, Browns, Greens, Cherry, Black, Saxe, etc., all mixed up in stripes of varying widths. It strikes the mind as garish and bizarre, but in reality, the colours are blended with an artist's eye, and the abandon and warmth of the Italian imagination places this lot in a class by itself. Single width.

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Chinese Silk

2000 Pieces of 33in. Chinese Silk, in plain self colour only. Made by hand, this silk is probably the toughest of any woven fabric. For Casement Curtains or Children's Wear, or Sporting Costumes, Pyjamas or Dust Coats nothing is so durable. It is of pure silk with no dressing to give it artificial weight. The thread is heavy and even and bright, and the more it is washed the more silky it appears. Same as hitherto sold at 1/11, now

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30 Pieces of French Soft Chine Silks. The chic and very unusual French designs will appeal to the smart woman. With regard to Blouses, the artistic blending of the very richly mixed colours enables one to match practically any colour.

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Patterns sent on application.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Lord Islington.

a famous siege in which the victorious British arms carried all before them.

True Coalition.

It was as Sir John Dickinson-Poynder that Lord Islington sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for Chippenham. He changed his views in 1905 from Conservative to Liberal, but the good people of his constituency cared not for his politics. They liked the man and adopted his opinions. He won the D.S.O. in South Africa.

A Cabinet Minister's Outing.

Tempted by the glorious sunshine and the spring-like touch in the air, I went to Royal Richmond on Saturday, where I met the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, the President of the Board of Education. He was, you remember, to have gone to Glasgow this week-end, on behalf of the Government, to secure a settlement of the Clyde strike. I am, I believe, revealing no State secret of importance if I say that Mr. Henderson told me he is very glad his services were not required.

The Crisis.

The clubs have been simply buzzing with political gossip during the week-end, and I heard of all sorts of preparations being made in readiness for the crisis which everyone was quite convinced was developing. Even the Zeppelin raid took a secondary place as a conversational topic.

No Prophets.

Everything political seems to be in a state of flux, and in one place much frequented by politicians I found groups of them all furiously discussing various possibilities. None of them was in a prophesying mood, and the only thing they agreed about was that some very definite development must take place before long.

A General Election?

One thing I found was that people who would have pooh-poohed the idea a few months ago were quite seriously discussing the pros and cons of a general election. One of them reminded me that the life of the present Parliament ends, anyhow, next September, and he added that there was a growing body of opinion against the likelihood of another Bill being brought in to extend it, even if nothing happens in the meantime.

"H. H." and Corners.

Mr. Asquith's continued absence helps along the gossip. "H. H." have a knack of cropping up when he's away, and there's intense curiosity among M.P.s as to what his line of action will be when he returns. He's negotiated a good many corners in the last couple of years, but this one is a bit more awkward than most.

Strained.

There's a lot of speculation, too, about Mr. Bonar Law and the "ultimatum" of the Unionist group. There's the additional complication that relations between him and Sir Edward Carson have been somewhat strained for some time.

Pow-Wows.

The trend of events is likely to become clearer this week. I hear of several little conferences in prospect, and a good deal of importance is attached to to-morrow's meeting of the Liberal "Ginger" group.

A New Royal Sailor.

Their Majesties were for a long time undecided as to which profession to choose for their fourth son, Prince George, who, as a little boy, was the most delicate of all the royal children. His stay at Broadstairs, however, where most of his education was received, has greatly strengthened him, and on the advice of the doctors it has been decided that he shall go into the Navy.

Ready for the Fight.

Barristers and solicitors specialising in "commercial" cases will not be broken-hearted when the war is over. I am told that there are literally hundreds of actions which will be begun when peace is signed.

The Get.

To-morrow Mr. McKenna will put the "get" in the Budget. Get ready!

Unbelieving.

On Saturday morning Mr. Walter Gibbons, who had been on duty all night, rang me up to tell me the good news about the Zepp. And when I told my friends they all thought I had been made an April fool!

Cheer Oh!

A great army of special constables was massed at a strategic point during the Zepp raid. When they heard that a Zepp had been brought down the specials gave three special cheers.

In the Chair.

Mr. Herbert Grover has been elected chairman of the Press Club again. He certainly fills the chair.

Lost Gowns.

Miss Louie Pounds, who is to play one of the chief parts in "Toto" at the Duke of York's, has lost all her new gowns. They were lost in the wreck of the Sussex.

The Happy Day.

Dainty and clever Miss Unity More is to appear in the new play at Daly's Theatre. It will be called "The Happy Day," a very



Miss Unity More.

happy title. Miss More recently told me that she was "living" Peter Pan, and did not feel she could ever change that part. I am glad she has altered her opinion.

Songs and Their Singers.

The crew of Zeppelin L 15: "First we go up, up, up, and then we go down, down, down." Mr. McKenna: "When you've got the money."

Mr. Raymond Hitchcock: "London is beautiful."

The German soldiers in front of Verdun: "We all go the same way home."

An Historic Figure.

"Who is that old gentleman? I seem to know his face," said a fair friend at the Savoy on Saturday. I looked round. The "old gentleman" was Lord Morley. And only a few brief years ago all England knew his features intimately.

Ghostly Signs.

It is strange how a personality will transplant you, as if by magic, into another age. Looking at Lord Morley, I seemed to have travelled back to the nineties. I should hardly have been surprised if Sir William Harcourt had appeared. And my thoughts were full of Gladstone and all the giants of his day.

"Sweet Violets."

Mlle. Regina Flory brought a breath of spring into the Savoy. She wore a hat covered with Italian violets, a bunch of violets, and a muff made of violets!

At Other Tables.

At another table was Miss Teddie Gerard, also wearing a beautiful spring gown. I noticed Mr. Godfrey Isaacs having a long chat with the Duke of Orleans.

A British Beauty.

Mr. Elwin Neame is one of those who are soon going to the war, and I hear that Mrs. Neame is being instructed in the art of making charming photographs of other people. You will remember that Mrs. Neame, as Miss Ivy Close, won *The Daily Mirror* prize for beauty.

A Joke.

Have you heard Mr. Harry M. Vernon's latest joke? I call this one from his revue, "Jingle Bells." "Had you a big reputation in London as an actor?" "Second to none—I was known as London's most popular failure."

"666."

Everybody yesterday seemed to be talking about "The Mystery of 666." It is certainly one of the finest things that even Mr. Horatio Bottomley has written for the *Sunday Pictorial*.

The St. Martin's.

I hear that Mr. C. B. Cochran has taken over the new St. Martin's Theatre. The new house is just two yards away from the Ambassadors.

In "Shell Out."

During the week-end I met Mr. John Humphreys, who made such a success in "Honi Soit." He goes into the Comedy cast to-night.

"Old Bill."

I understand that Mr. Humphreys will introduce his famous comic song, "Old Bill," into "Shell Out." Curiously enough, the Pavilion management did not wish this song included in "Honi Soit." Yet it turned out one of the chief hits of the revue.

Caruso—Ventriloquist.

Caruso, who is, I hear, in great form just now, is scoring triumphs in the States, with Miss Geraldine Farrer as his operatic partner. He has, I am told, been playing some amusing practical jokes at society functions, where it wasn't known that he was a clever ventriloquist. Mysterious voices have issued from unexpected places, making pertinent remarks about the guests. Later on Caruso disclosed the secret of his ventriloquial skill.

In Revue.

I hear that Miss Dorothy Ward, who is Mrs. Shaun Glenville, will before long appear as leading lady in a revue at a West End theatre. Miss Ward has been in pantomime at Leeds.

Training Nadia.

Miss Gina Palerme tells me she is training Nadia, her borzoï, to accompany her when riding. Nadia is being trained in Regent's Park, but you will soon see her in the Row.

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THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

There is nothing better than Calox as a safeguard of the teeth. The oxygen which Calox liberates in use finds its purifying, cleansing way into all the crevices which otherwise would go uncleared.

Calox removes the cause of tooth decay. It cleanses the mouth and teeth of all destructive germs, prevents tartar deposit, and imparts to the teeth that brilliant lustre and whiteness so admired.

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75, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Left at Home.

This is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Morrison Bell, who is the youngest daughter of the seventh Viscount Powerscourt of Inishkerry. She married Major Arthur Morrison Clive Bell, M.P. for East Devon. He rejoined his regiment at the outbreak of war, and is now a prisoner in Germany, where he has been for over a year with some other members of the Scots Guards.

Hon. Mrs. Morrison Bell.

A Clever Ruse.

I have just heard of a curious coincidence in connection with "A Five-Shilling Bet," the playlet in which Miss Vera Wray and her brother Russell appear to-day at the Coliseum. In the play the heroine escapes from an unpleasant predicament by the ruse of putting cushions in her bed with a loaf of bread to represent the head.

A Scit Head.

Only a few weeks ago it came to light that an Englishman had escaped from an internment camp by a like ruse, save for the fact that a sponge was used in place of a loaf. Perhaps he had seen the play, as it was written eighteen months ago?

A Striking Picture.

One of the most impressive of the pictures which will be seen at the Grafton Galleries when Mr. Tom Mostyn's "one man" show opens there is entitled "Isolation." It shows the artist in a deeply introspective mood.

Sport in France.

Although we have got the impression that our brave Allies across the Channel have abandoned all their sports, I am told that a number of football matches are still taking place, and the young fellows not yet mobilised are "carrying on" with cross-country running, cycle-racing and boxing. In Paris, too, they tell me, there is a boom in artificial ice skating. THE RAMBLER.

HOW TO CLEANSSE POISONS FROM THE LIVER.

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW.

To feel perfectly fit, we must keep the liver clean, to prevent its sponge-like pores from clogging with indigestible material, sour bile and poisonous toxins.

If you get headache, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath, or your stomach becomes rancid, it's your liver. Sallow skin, muddy complexion denote liver uncleanness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected, organ of the body. Few know its functions or how to release the dammed-up body waste, bile and toxins. Most people, so to speak, bombard the liver by taking purging drugs which leave the stomach and bowels in a weakened condition.

Every man or woman, sick or well, should at this time of the year take a Calox tablet, followed by a drink of water, at bedtime, to cleanse the liver and bowels, and thus sweeten and freshen the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A Calox tablet will give you the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Calox tones up the bowels and makes you feel fit. These little tablets are on sale at all chemists, and may also be obtained from the D. J. Little Co., 38, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., for 1s. 3d. post free.—(Advt.)

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HANG ALL FOUR, SAY SLAVS



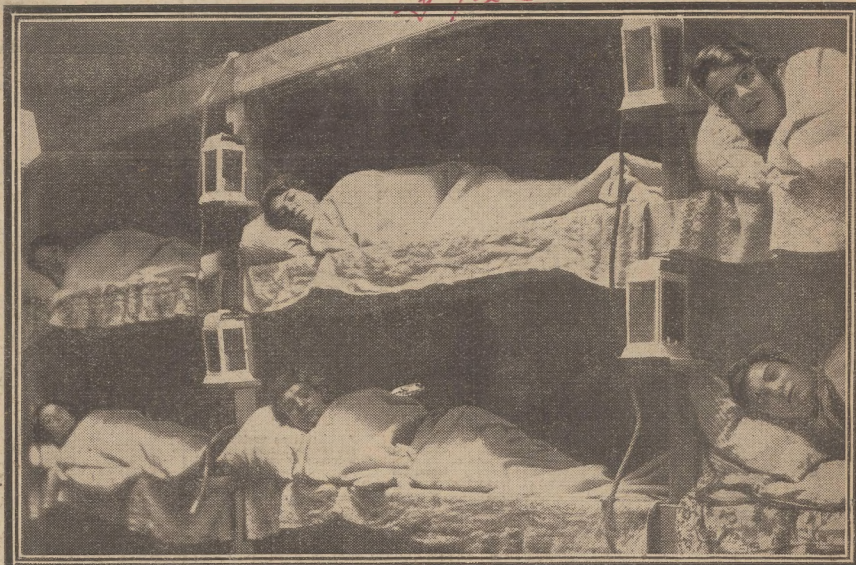
Many of the processionists wore national dress.



A banner. In circle, the Crown Prince.

A great Slav procession marched through London yesterday to the hotel where the Crown Prince of Serbia is staying. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

WORKHOUSE FIRE BRIGADE FORMED BY WOMEN.



They are in attendance day and night, and have sleeping accommodation in the form of bunks.



A rehearsal. "Rescuing" the aged women.

Members of the Women's Volunteer Reserve have just commenced their duties as "firemen" at the Holborn Union Workhouse for Aged Women, where their services would be most valuable in the event of a Zeppelin raid. They have all the necessary appliances, including pumps, hose and ladders, and are also trained to render first aid.



The inmates always watch the fire drill with great interest.

AIRMAN KILLED.



Lieutenant le Bouhris, reported killed in an air fight near Verdun. He was the first man to descend from an aeroplane by parachute.

SUNSHINE HELPING TO HEAL THEIR WOUNDS.



Wounded officers who are quartered in Carlton House-terrace on the balcony yesterday, where they were able to enjoy the sunshine and the pleasant view across St. James' Park.

AWARDED D.S.O.



Fleet-Paymaster Vincent A. Lawford, awarded the D.S.O. for services in patrol cruisers under Rear-Admiral de Chair.